

In flagranti

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In flagranti

by [APastandFutureNerd](#)

Summary

Hannibal has sex with Anthony. He wishes Will would be there. He has no idea that wishes could come true in the most unexpected way.

Notes

This fic is a result of my horniness at 2 AM, lol. Read at your own peril.

"Oh..yes..YES", Antony gasped, as Hannibal kept on hitting his prostate with merciless, brutal thrusts. "Harder...nghhh...please.." Hannibal groaned and nibbled at Antony throat. He poured every single bit of his accumulated frustration into the carnal act with the tenacious doppelgänger of Will.

Antony sang a glorious aria of pleasure for him. His whimpers and moans were a wonderful ode of joy. The man was a delectable thing with his delicate figure and pretty face. Still, he wasn't Will. Not in the slightest.

The pain in his heart made him avoid gaping at his lover altogether. Hannibal's gaze met the gold-rimmed tall mirror above the headboard. A shadow betrayed the presence of someone else in the ostentatious, lavish bedroom with Renaissance art and golden ornaments on the walls and ceiling.

Seeing this ominous silhouette, Hannibal stilled the movement of his hips abruptly and tilted his head over his shoulder. "What's going on?", Antony panted in protest, but Hannibal ignored him. A gasp escaped his throat, when his maroon eyes recognised the familiar figure lingering at the threshold. No, it couldn't be Bedelia. Too tall and masculine. These handsome features emerging from the shadow were unmistakably Will's.

His wish had come true. Only in a different way than he had imagined. But it didn't matter. Will was here. Praise fate and circumstance.

Will looked as gorgeous as he remembered him. His auburn curls, usually wild and untamed, had been cut and slicked back. A few of the Botticelli curls had been spared by the hairdresser and fell nicely over his temples on each side. He wore a pastel blue cotton shirt beneath an ocean blue jacket and matching slacks. A new scent clung to him. Hannibal inhaled the heavy fragrance smelling of sandalwood, vanilla and rose mixed with a little musky note.

What a good choice.

Here he was, this glorious, brilliant, unsettling man, catching him the middle of sex with a copycat who merely was a shadow of Will's brilliance. A toy for comfort had he been, nothing more.

"Hello, Hannibal", Will drawled, his voice an enticing, irresistible velvet purr. He strut closer to the bed. Every single step was smooth and measured like that of a cat. Jealousy and arousal stirred in the cool, calculating blue-green eyes. "It's been a while since we had the pleasure."

Hannibal could only drink him in. Will's demeanour was calm, but this facade could hide a great deal more emotions. So annoyingly unpredictable, that man. What would he do?

What was he supposed to say?

Sorry for punishing your betrayal with a rather impulsive action of mine and choosing a new life with someone else?

Antony blue-grey eyes darted from Hannibal to Will, then back to Hannibal. He appeared to be downright crestfallen at the mention of Roman's true identity. "Have I just missed something, Roman?" He asked, spitting out the name in a playful way. "Or should I rather call you Hann-".

Hannibal's strong hands wrapped around Antony's throat, squeezing the windpipe in a menacing way. A murderous, icy glint appeared in his brown eyes, anticipating his demise.

"You would best remain silent, Antony", he said in a cold tone. The man tore at the hands but they wouldn't budge. His movements were restricted by Hannibal's weight. So he chose to obey and lay still, waiting like a mouse for its chance. The hands relaxed again. Antony gulped for air and coughed.

The soft rustling of clothes being removed, made Hannibal shift his attention away from him once more. He witnessed now how Will began to shed off his expensive, tailored suit, starting with the jacket, before moving on to his leather belt and unbuckling it. Hannibal's breathing intensified as layer and layer of clothing fell to the floor and exposed more of Will's body.

Hannibal's dick returned to full hardness as Will stood in front of him, showing off his assets for the first time ever in their twisted relationship.

Michelangelo's David had come to life again in Florence, right here in front of his bed. Or was he Perseus cutting off Medusa's head? Will could be both.

Hannibal's eyes fell on the ugly scar he had cut into his abdomen. He reached out from the bed to caress it, but Will beat it away and held a pocket knife to his throat.

"Oh no, Dr. Lecter", Will said, an amused smile playing along the corners of his mouth. He leaned forward. His hot breath brushing along his neck made goosebumps appear on Hannibal's skin.

"Fuck him, then you are allowed to touch me", he purred into Hannibal's ear. The closeness of Will's face, the tickling of his stubble, made Hannibal shiver. "But do it properly."

"Yes, Will", he answered, his voice thick and rough. His heart made an extra beat at the thrill of the cool blade against his throat. "I am not known for leaving things unfinished."

Satisfied with the answer, Will withdrew from him and sat on the plush, crimson-red armchair, embroidered by gold, putting the knife aside. He spread his legs and wrapped his hands around his shaft, sliding them up and down. Will's eyes were fixed on Hannibal and his lover, who still looked intimidated but also enthusiastic about the change of action.

Hannibal resumed his action, guessing Will's true plan. Passion ignited in the bedroom once more. Will jerked himself off at the sight of the men fucking on the bed. When the younger man as well as Hannibal had reached their climax, and disentangled their bodies, he grinned at Will in satisfaction. "He's really good in bed, you know? You shouldn't have left him"

Antony dared to taunt him, while searching his clothes scattered on the floor and preparing to leave.

He shouldn't have said that.

Will picked up the pocket knife from the arm rest, leaped at his doppelgänger, pinned him down to the bed again and slit his throat. Thick, crimson arterial blood spurt out of his throat, staining his and Will's upper body.

Having dropped his human suit, Will looked feral and terrifying now with his hand and chest sprayed with blood. His eyes were cold as stone, his lips pursed. There was no empathy, no remorse. Only dark wrath. The older man watched the scene, totally enraptured by the sight of Will letting go of his morals. Had he finally let go of his morality and fear of change?

Antony gurgled in a desperate attempt to stay alive and Will watched the agonising with a pleased, sadistic smile. "Did you really think", Will told him, while witnessing the last spasms and gulps, "that we would let you go?"

No answer came out of the other man's mouth. There was no life in the eyes of Anthony anymore. No teasing, no leering, no mocking. His head lolled to the side. The bubbly juice spilled all over the cream-coloured bedding. Will pulled back. The force of gravity made the corpse slide down to the ground.

"You ruined my bed. It will be hard to get out the stains again", Hannibal remarked drily, glancing from the corpse to the blood on the bed then to Will. "Your design has to evolve or you will be caught sooner or later."

He let out a yelp as Will jumped forward and dragged him into the middle of the bed and held the bloodied knife to the throat of his lover a second time. Blood rippled on Hannibal's cheek.

"I don't fucking care about your fancy murder aesthetics", Will hissed, his eyes flashing up with rage. "Cheater."

"This is MY design."

Hannibal grinned up at Will and admired the darkness pouring out of his bluish-green eyes.

"That's my naughty boy."

Will fucked him roughly that night and claimed Hannibal back and left some scars on his body, too.

Together they bent and twisted the body of Anthony and created an origami heart out of it. The next morning they took it to Norman chapel in Palermo for Jack to find.

They walked out of the catacombs, holding hands, stopped on the vast piazza for a tender kiss among the few clueless tourists and locals brave enough to go out during the hottest time of the day.

When the blazing, relentless sun became too unbearable and scorched their faces, they headed on to the port where Will's sailboat awaited them to carry them on to the Caribbean.

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